

# Good Morning 380

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Stage, Screen, Studio

(By Dick Gordon)

IN 1934 the doctor told Inga Andersen that she hadn't long to live—she was a very sick girl and would have to retire.

Two years later Inga was playing a lead in a capital hit. Outbreak of war saw her still working, and when E.N.S.A. sent troops overseas Inga was at the front of the queue of volunteers.

This month Inga returned to Blighty from Italy—for a short rest; then she's off to the second front.

In a dingy teashop in Drury-lane, tales are being told of Miss Andersen. This is what they say:

When Inga Andersen arrived in Italy it was a bit of a shock for one and all. The pitch darkness was lit only by gun-flashes. Her driver lost his way and landed up among a squadron of tanks. Inga got out to ask the direction, and somebody flashed a torch on her.

"Great Scot, boys, it's a woman!" he said.

And from that moment Inga's name became a legend. Wherever the fun was hottest, it seemed there Inga would turn up.

Shells were screaming over the top of the gully. The barrage grew louder, but Inga, raising her voice, managed to beat it without the aid of a microphone, though she had to repeat many of the lines to make herself heard above the constant, ever-increasing din! That was no place for a mike-hugging crooner!

THERE was no dressing-room, so six boys formed themselves into a screen and Inga changed first into a glamour gown and finally back into her uniform, behind their backs.

She was giving the lads, straight out of the firing-line for a brief forty-eight hours' rest, just what they needed for their keyed-up nerves. Glamour, laughter, relaxation.

Her greatest thrill was getting a letter by carrier pigeon from the fighting-line from some of the boys. She was the only civilian ever to receive one.

When Inga's birthday came round she thought she would take a well-earned day's rest by way of celebration! But she discovered that the boys who had sent her the letter by pigeon post were free that day, so off she went to return their

Your letters are welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1

# LET'S ALL GO DOWN TO "THE GEORGE"

(Invites Ron Richards)

"THE GEORGE INN," South-wark, is a Dickens pub, and has all the romance of the "Cheshire Cheese" and the "Prospect of Whitby."

If you visit the "George," Landlord Charles Griffiths will answer all your wondering looks with short, to-the-point answers. He's only been there seven years, but he knows most of the answers.

The inn dates from the time of Henry VIII. The Tudor building was burnt down in 1667, and was rebuilt on its original lines.

At the "George" in 1752 a very happy party was held by Lord Digby. The guests were thirty people who had just been released from Marshalsea Gaol because the generous peer had paid their debts.

It was from this inn that Dr. Johnson set off to visit his friend Mr. Thrale at Streatham.

Dickens describes the "George" vividly in the "Pickwick Papers": "... with galleries and staircases, wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost stories. . ."

The old Great Northern Railway Company purchased the freehold from Guy's Hospital in 1873, and the L.N.E.R. still use part of the property as a goods office.

In 1937 they presented it to the National Trust. They handed it over on the condition that it be preserved as an inn.

The "George" was a great coaching centre. The little bar, with "its paradise of bottles," has two pistols on the wall which were used by guards against highwaymen. It owns, too, a faded list of coaches, wagons, and "neat post chaises" which departed daily.

Benches are carved with initials, pewter mugs engraved with bygone dates, doors are whimsically lopsided, and four-poster beds array themselves against modern change.

In the old tap-room you will see an old fireplace, and some funny little tables on which "shove - ha'penny" is still played. Look a bit closer and you will find some names cut. Merchants from the Hop Exchange have made the "George" their favourite rendezvous, where they can forget business for a while and play shove-ha'penny—just as their ancestors did.

There is a winding staircase leading to the bedrooms,

some of which are still resplendent with old four-poster beds and open directly on to the balcony. Unfortunately for would-be story-writers, there are no ghosts assigned to the "George." It may be said, however, that besides lacking a ghost, there are a few modern amenities that are also absent. For instance, there is no bathroom, and the bedrooms are lit only by candles. On the top are very large old attics, once used by commercial travellers to exhibit their wares.

Although many famous people have visited the "George," there is no definite proof that Shakespeare did, although most people assume that he must have done, as the Globe Theatre was so near.

The coffee-room has a distinct Pickwickian atmosphere. It has wooden partitions high enough to create a snug, compact feeling. When William Pitt the Younger put a tax of 5s. on clocks in 1797, there naturally followed a diminution in their sales, and landlords of inns, realising the scarcity of timepieces, provided clocks with black faces and white hands. There is a good specimen of one of these "Parliament" clocks in the coffee-room.

Of recent years, the most interesting event of the year is Shakespeare Day. On April 23 there is a Shakespeare pilgrimage, starting from Southwark Cathedral, a halt being made at the site



Inga Andersen

kind thoughts by giving them a special show.

When she was lucky she lived with Italian families, in ruined villages—even in a former brothel.

For ten weeks she did not have a bath, but she managed to be her glamorous self! She had to remove her make-up with waste bacon fat—as she had no cold cream. She had to make-up in the early morning so that it would last probably eighteen hours, for there was no chance to renew it.

On fortunate days a blanket strung up on a piece of string was her dressing-room. Sometimes she changed behind the piano.

By carrying her five dresses on a hanger over her arm, rolled in sheets, she managed to keep them fresh and creaseless. But it was no easy matter when she was hitch-hiking in tanks, trucks and Jeeps.

She found tanks quicker than she expected. Sometimes she rode outside, sometimes in.

Then she leaned gracefully against the piano and sang and sang and sang. . . And her accompanist, Hal Chambers, used clothes pegs to prevent the music blowing away.

Then there was the time when she gave a show in a "building" with only two walls and no roof. The lighting was the headlight of her Jeep.

Now Inga's home she's as busy as ever. Reason: She has 300 loving messages to deliver to wives, mothers, sweet-hearts, children.

THERE have been many jokes, unkind and even bitter cracks made about Hollywood talent agents. These are the men and women who "sell" actors, actresses, writers and directors to the various motion picture studios for a fee of ten per cent. of said talent's earnings. They have even been called Shylocks and parasites. Yet actually, these hard-working and often brilliant showmen are even more important than the middleman is to the grocery business.

Just such an agent, this time female, and her activities are currently to be seen in Columbia's "The Beautiful Cheat," starring Rosalind Russell and Brian Aherne.

"Roz" is the agent. And

off-screen she has something pertinent to say about them.

"I am a little bored and no longer amused by the wallop taken at Hollywood and its services, particularly at that group known as ten-per-centers," says "Roz." "The agent, to me, is an accessory to all that's good on the screen. Any worth-while actors and actresses have been given to the public only because some agent had faith in their ability and fought to get them a start. Many a fine story has hit the celluloid only because an agent was wise enough to see its merits as screen entertainment."

Miss Russell ought to know. Besides playing an agent in "The Beautiful Cheat," she once considered making this business her career before she became an actress. And then, of course, she's married to an agent, Fred Brisson.

NOTE from the Warner factory has a side item concerning Dottie and Bob, now washing off the grease after the completion of "Road to Utopia."

Dorothy Lamour's mention concerns a letter from a Czechoslovakian soldier, who wrote: "Dear Miss Lamour, I love you very much. I dream about you every night. Please send me a carton of American cigarettes."

Bob Hope news also concerns letters — thousands of them. In fact, a new Hollywood record has been set by the arrival of 8,342 fan letters in one day for this star. Since Hope started working in "Road to Utopia," his fan-mail record, it is stated, hit the record of 24,000 letters weekly. Of these, more than half came from either Servicemen or parents of Servicemen who have been entertained by the star. The other half came from film and radio fans.

Bob estimates that he sends out more than 7,500 pictures every week. A staff of four people is kept busy taking care of his fan mail alone. All the letters he receives are answered, either with requested photos of the star or notes from him.

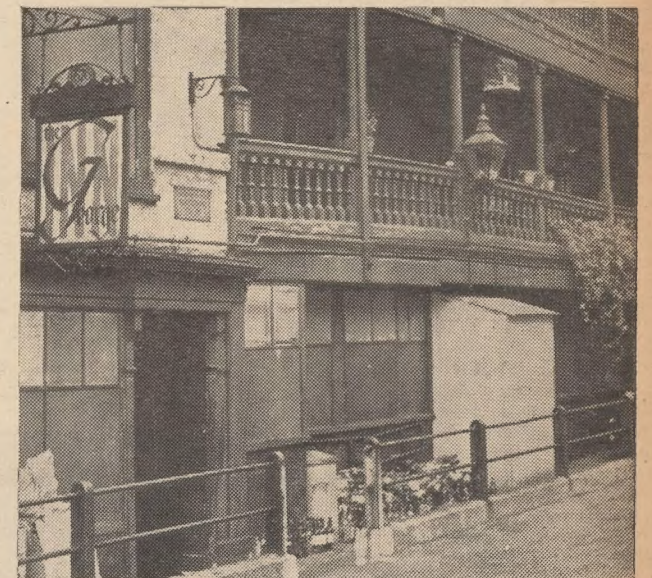
LAKE is a snake in "The Hour Before The Dawn," Paramount's latest Nazi film.

Veronica Lake is an actress who is not afraid of trying her hand at the most unsympathetic type of role, and in this picture she portrays a ruthless Nazi spy who poses as a refugee and gains sanctuary in an English household. From here she carries out her mission of guiding enemy aircraft to certain targets in the neighbourhood.

Frank Tuttle directed this powerful drama of modern England, and it is the sixteenth story by Somerset Maugham to reach the screen.

NOT playing in the Strand or Trafalgar Square, but retained by the Morrison Engineering Works for the benefit of employees, is a band of ex-Servicemen which has achieved more than factory fame.

And so this summer the band is to start on a tour of Army camps for E.N.S.A. During the tour it will play to Queen Mary, who has shown the greatest interest in its progress, and has specially requested the inclusion in the programme of two Strauss waltzes and Schubert's "Marche Militaire," as well as a selection of popular numbers.



Abraham Dawson, a well-known carrier in Dickens's time, assured the present landlady of the "George" that he frequently chatted with Dickens in the cubby-hole in the wall.

Many coachmen must have smoked their long clay pipes in here, discussing the events of the day—the advent of the iron horse in the 1830's must have created a furore. Later on, the market gardeners up for the Borough Market would congregate together, joined, no doubt, by the watchmen from the neighbouring premises. The gardeners had to be called very early, so they chalked on a slate in the tap-room the time at which they wished to rise.

of the Globe Theatre for scenes from Shakespeare's plays to be acted from a lorry. The pilgrimage concludes in the yard of the "George" with further acting.

At one time this old coaching inn was known as "St. George and the Dragon"; its "sainthood" was lost in the Reformation.

As for the "Dragon," we are reminded of the story of the innkeeper whose wife died suddenly, and who changed the name of his inn to "The George," and on being asked by a patron what had happened to the "Dragon," blandly replied, "Oh, she's dead!"

## Home Town News

### THEY NEVER DIE!

THERE'S something about a soldier—and soldiering—that made William James Wood, 72-year-old ex-R.Q.M.S., give 35 years of his life to the Service.

Just before his 72nd birthday, with the distinction of being the oldest British serving soldier, he recently shed his uniform for the last time after serving in his third war for Britain.

Now, living in retirement at Cecil Avenue, Southampton, he is proud that five of his seven sons and two of his grandsons are carrying on the military tradition of his family.

"Pop" Wood was just over 14 when he first joined the Army in 1886, and he had to lie about his age in order to be accepted.

He served in the Royal Ar-

tillery through the Boer War, rose to R.S.M., and retired on pension in 1911.

In 1914 he rejoined the Colours, spent three years in France with the West Yorkshire Regiment, and was twice wounded and once mentioned in dispatches.

"Demobbed" in 1920, he worked at Southampton Docks as a clerk until 1937, when he retired on reaching the age limit of 65.

Came the critical days of 1940. "Pop" Wood emerged from retirement, went to the recruiting office, and, giving his age as 55, when actually he was nearly 69, enlisted as a private in the R.A.S.C.

He soldiered on for nearly four years, reached the rank of R.Q.M.S., and then, feeling he was getting a bit old for the job, applied for his discharge.



# THE HUNT BEGINS

## Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes  
PART 18

MADGE and Anstice arrived while Gregory Pyne was still at the telephone.

Martin found himself admiring Anstice's easy poise, the quick little shakes of the head as she recalled some new incident. She seemed so completely at home there in his room: she fitted in, as she never could fit in her own unsettled home. And she was safe here; safe from Bealing and his associates. Martin looked round at the door with a touch of annoyance when Gregory Pyne returned to end dreams and bring him back to unwelcome realities.

Pyne greeted Anstice, then turned to Martin.

"Morrow's moving quickly," he said. "He and Rundel had just gone. Mr. Pendrew tried to stop them, but it was too late. They'd left word they'd gone to the Hayle, and would come on here on the way back."

Martin nodded. "Any news of Watson?" he asked.

"No, he has not come back." "Looks pretty fishy to me," Martin commented. "I've a mind to cut over to the Hayle and try to catch them."

Anstice said nothing, but her face clouded. At that moment Madge came back.

"Oh, by the way, Martin," she said, "you remember we were supposed to be lunching at the Coswarth's to-day?"

"Send up a letter," Martin replied. "Something vague."

"I can deliver it for you, if you like," said Pyne abruptly. There was an odd, strained note in his voice, but it passed unnoticed. "I—er—I have to go up there anyhow," he added.

"Thanks so much, if you would," Madge answered gratefully.

Martin hurried off to change, and on the mainroad, near where the footpath led across the fields towards Nickel's cottage, Martin found a car drawn up by the hedge.

A man was tinkering with the engine. He looked up as Lynn approached, and Martin recognised him, after a moment, as Parsons, one of the local police sergeants. He drew up.

"Has Mr. Rundel gone down there?" he asked, nodding towards the footpath. "I want to see him urgently."

"Yes, sir. You'll find him down there," Parsons answered without a trace of expression.

Martin abandoned his own car and hurried across the fields. On the gate at the far side a stranger was leaning, smoking idly and gazing in a bovine manner at the misty creek. Martin bade him good-day as he passed

by but he was well aware of the close scrutiny he underwent as he scrambled down the bank.

The Major was engaged in wiping mud from his boots on the coarse grass by the wayside, but as he caught sight of Martin he abandoned that pastime and came forward to meet him.

"Hallo! it's you, is it? My man signalled that some one was coming. How did you get here?"

Hurriedly Martin told him, and they went together to the cottage. The place seemed deserted, but Rundel—Inspector Snape—had forced an entrance from the back. Morrow called to him.

"Here's Mr. Lynn," he said. "He says the boat went down the river past his place over an hour ago, and he thinks Nickel was aboard. I don't think we need waste any more time here, Lynn; I think we'd better go straight to the cave, if you'll take us. The time's past for secrecy."

Morrow drove off, his powerful car leaping ahead into the mist, and Martin followed to the cave.

They scrambled slowly along the broken ground that led down to the shaft entrance, and Martin left his companions in the shelter of a huge rock while he went ahead to reconnoitre.

"It seems quite all right," he whispered when he returned. "There's no one on the look-out. Now, what's the exact plan?"

"If they're there, we'll wait for them. You're sure there is no other entrance?" said Snape.

"Not so far as I know. The tide covers the beach entrance



"Now, Fifi, I didn't come out here to play!"



SHRINE OF MIAO FENG SHAN.

And if you don't know who Miao Feng Shan was, or is, it doesn't matter. There is no photograph of him. But here are his worshippers in China doing the triple kowtow before the shrine, a stick of burning incense in hand. After the three reverences the incense is placed in the tank behind and burns itself out there. Many worshippers come long distances for the ceremony.

★ ★ ★

## JANE



—AND BY THE WAY DON'T MENTION THIS GUN-SITE TO ANYONE!—IT'S FRIGHTFULLY HUSH-HUSH!



OF COURSE NOT, MA'AM!—I'LL WARN DINAH.

AND I'D LIKE A WORD WITH ALF HIGGINS TOO WHILE I'M ABOUT IT!



HAVE YOU SEEN ADOLF, DINAH?

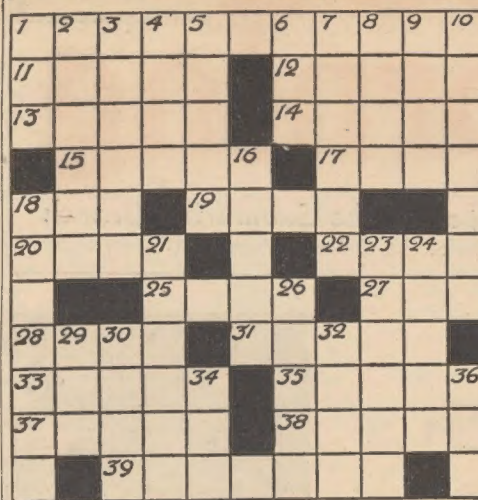
YES, I JUST BEEN TELLING HIM HE OUGHTER GIVE OUR REFRESHMENT VAN A SPOT O' PAINT FOR TOMORROW'S TRIP!



YOU SAID WHAT?!—WHERE IS HE?

WHY, HE'S JUST GONE, I BELIEVE!—ANYTHING WRONG?

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 11 Deck.
- 12 Are sure to.
- 13 Language.
- 14 Minister's house.
- 15 Contests.
- 17 Observed.
- 18 Atmosphere.
- 19 Simple.
- 20 Rattles.
- 22 Auction.
- 25 Colours.
- 27 Spoil.
- 28 Recess.
- 31 Requite.
- 33 Simpleton.
- 35 Destroyed.
- 37 Rogue.
- 38 Renown.
- 39 To and from.

MEDWAY CALF  
IXIA EDITOR  
SCRIPT DOSE  
TITLE SENSE  
S SATIRE Z  
REP KIT DUE  
E AGENTS N  
EGGED ETHER  
FOOL GROOVE  
ENDIVE USES  
READ EXTENT

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Comrade. 2 Leisurely. 3 Revolving. 4 Spruce.
- 5 Internal. 6 Doctrine. 7 Stages of development.
- 8 Narrow road. 9 Additional. 10 Slim. 16 Actor.
- 18 Assaults. 21 Lay aside. 23 Strong woman. 24 Stratum. 26 Durable fabric. 29 Jest. 30 Tile.
- 32 Fence stake. 34 Still. 36 Colour.

now. There's only the passage from the inn."

At the mouth of the shaft they halted and listened. No sound came to them but the dull roar of the sea booming out of the surrounding mist. Martin lowered himself carefully into the entrance. On the ledge half-way down he stopped and dropped to his knees, peering, his ears strained to catch any sound.

There was a tomb-like silence about the shaft. Deliberately he knocked a few loose stones down into the darkness, and waited for some sound of alarm. But the debris seemed not to reach the bottom. It fell somewhere with a noisy rattle.

He stood upright and called softly to Morrow:

"Will one of you come down? There's something funny here. I'm going on a bit farther."

Morrow came down, gazing with intense interest as Martin disappeared yet farther into the earth. Presently from the bottom of the shaft, a light shone out. Morrow peered over the edge.

Martin was ascending rapidly and without caution.

"Something devilish queer has happened," he said. "I can't make it out at all. They've blocked this entrance; the way in is stopped half-way down by huge rocks. There's no getting past; come down and look for yourself."

Morrow and Snape in their turn descended into that dim shaft to see what Martin had discovered. They made no pretence of silence or caution now. Their torches showed the bottom of the entrance filled with large masses of rock, which Martin computed must block the bottom of the shaft for some yards.

Once more on the surface they stood staring at one another, mystified.

"I know the cave well, and I don't see how they can have done it without blasting," Martin said blankly.

"But it shows they don't mean

to use this way in again," Snape put in. "There must be some other means of getting in."

"I'll take you down to the beach if you like; but I know you can't get in that way with the tide as it is. You'd have to wade for it, even to-morrow."

Morrow shook his head uncertainly.

"They may have forced a way into the passage," he said.

"If that's the only entrance we know, we must try it," Snape said definitely. "In fact, I think we should waste no time. We can do no good here."

"That's true," Martin agreed. "It's not a pleasant job, I can tell you. But it's that or waiting a couple of days till the tide serves."

"We can't wait," Morrow answered. "As a matter of fact, I think we're too late as it is. I suspect that boat more and more."

(To be continued)

## QUIZ for today

1. A roc is a dry river bed, mountain cave, fabulous bird, Dutch punt, snake, cactus?
2. Who wrote (a) Three Soldiers, (b) Soldiers Three?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Loch Ness, Loch Fyne, Lough Neagh, Loch Rannoch, Loch Tay.
4. How many strings has a violin?
5. How many lines has a Limerick?
6. What is England's largest lake?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Quartan, Quern, Quatern, Quatrain, Querulous, Quintet, Quintal.
8. How old is Dorothy Lammour?
9. What city is known as Auld Reekie?
10. How many sides has a duodecagon?
11. What is Charlie Chaplin's second Christian name?
12. Name three British wild flowers beginning with "Corn-."

### Answers to Quiz in No. 379

1. Kind of lace.
2. (a) Florence Marryat, (b) Thomas Burke.
3. Maple does not bear berries; others do.
4. Table tennis.
5. 14.
6. Provost.
7. Procedure, Propagate.
8. Seven.
9. British Guiana.
10. Ferdinand.
11. 1936.
12. (a) Mint, (b) Apple.

## WANGLING WORDS—326

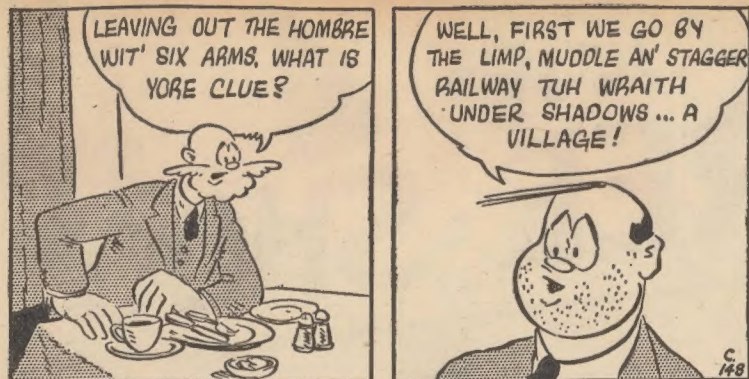
1. Put a jib in ASANT and get a fighter.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Eno sunir hatt locermwl deckonk mi eht a tib tabou fo.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change MAD into DOG and then back again into MAD, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden American poet in: When he bowls slow, hit, man, and you'll score.

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 325

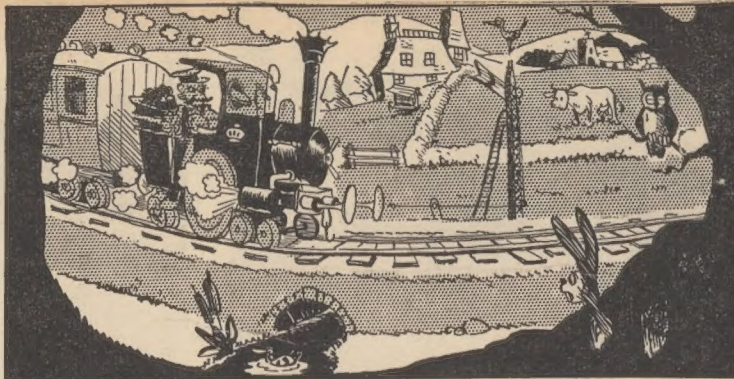
1. Blighted.
2. The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.
3. POUR, four, foul, foil, fail, fain, RAIN, rail, sail, soil, soul, sour, POUR.
4. Man-gle.



## BEELZEBUB JONES



WELL, FIRST WE GO BY THE LIMP, MUDDLE AN' STAGGER RAILWAY TUN WRAITH UNDER SHADOWS... A VILLAGE!



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



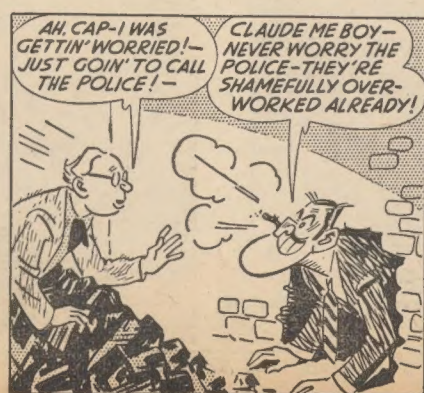
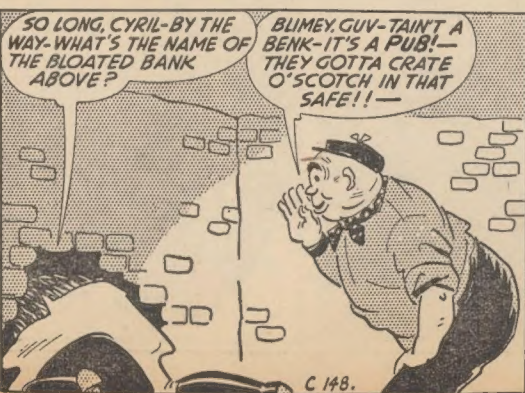
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

SLEEPY town down West is Bude. Hardly anyone walks the streets; in fact, the only people around last Sunday were half-a-dozen foreign soldiers on leave. Keyhole Nixon guessed the leave must have been of long duration on account of he heard one bairn put his head round a pram cowl and drawl, "Gorsh, don't this sun get warm?"

The two pubs in the Strand seldom open these days owing to beer shortage, but the cafes flourish because they sell American coffee. Another thing about the place is the landladies' attitude. Strangely enough, they don't seem to take offence when you ask for accommodation. To gipsies such as Nixon and me that is a very unusual thing.

It has a peculiar picturesqueness, this North Cornwall township; not of least interest is the castle home of Admiral Sir Douglas Nicholson. Known to locals as Bude Castle, the house was built a century and a half ago, for a bet. It is reputed to be the only house to be built on sand, and although the foundations sink every year, there is no doubt the builder won the wager. Hidden by grass-covered sand-dunes one side, the house is slightly off the beach, stately and erect.

The walls were hewn in blocks from a nearby quarry, on a site that once was a monastery. Subterranean passages have been found, proving this; and the Countess Tolstoy, companion to Lady Nicholson, has seen the ghost of a monk walking the passages.

THE favourites' portrait painter, I see, has passed the post. With little else to do around Piccadilly on Sunday afternoon, I strolled into the Royal Academy and met the President, Mr. A. J. Munnings.

The new President has made a fortune and a world-wide reputation, chiefly by painting horses and gipsies, and looks as horsey as many of his pictures. He is so passionately fond of hunting that at one time he regularly attended meets in specially made gout boots.



He started life as a printer's apprentice, but decided to become a painter when a picture which he had sent to the Academy secretly in 1899 was bought for 14 guineas by Sir W. H. Wills. Since then he has never looked back.

THE development of plastic materials, which after the war is likely to produce revolutionary changes in the manufacturing sphere, has already had most interesting results in the field of ophthalmic lenses.

The basic material of Igard ophthalmic lenses combines maximum clarity with protective strength. This material has also been largely developed for precision lens work in cameras and instruments, and for ophthalmic purposes it is specially processed to give additional wearing qualities.

Ophthalmic lenses of this material are half the weight of glass; they are break-proof and more transparent than glass. As, however, the surface of plastic lenses is more resilient and not so hard as those of glass, they require careful handling to avoid scratches, though surface marks on a plastic lens are much less apparent to the wearer and have proportionately less effect on the vision than equivalent scratches on a glass lens.

"BUT surely," said the haughty dame, "if I pay the fare for my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers and be allowed to occupy a seat?"

"Of course, madam," the guard replied politely, "provided he does not put his feet on it."

Ron Richards



**Good Morning**



"It's a hell of a thing when you have to call in a bloodhound to help you mend your car."



"Okay, my dears ; it's only the Home Guard with their broomsticks."



## ***This England***

The most ancient and honourable of arts. Like St. Peter, these men of St. Ives, Cornwall, know their men and their nets.



"It's a dog's life. What with watching and waiting, rationing and rationalisation, it's hardly worth staying at home these days."



"'Tis a small thing ; the engine-driver and the fireman have gone round the corner to see their wives. Or so they did tell me."

UP AND OVER — or THE WAY TO GET ACROSS BARBED WIRE WITHOUT TEARING YOUR SKIRT OFF.



## **OUR CAT SIGNS OFF**



"I'd not tell against you —honest !"